# IN SEARCH OF HIM

by ROBIN GREY

CHAPTER I.

"A lady to see you, sir. She asked for your uncle, sir, but I told her he was out of town, and then she said you'd do, sir."

"It was a great condescension on her part, Smiles. What might be her age, do you think, Smiles?"

"Her age, sir?"

"Yes; I really don't feel inclined to be bothered by seeing anybody. I'm in beastly temper this morning—ask the office boy if I'm not. So would any man be if he was tied to a London office in August—and such an August as this! I'm pretty comfortable just at this minute, without my coat and waistcoat. If I see the lady, I shall have to put them on. Query—Is the lady worth the trouble? That's what I want to ascertain."

"Well, sir, she's young—very young, as you might say, sir."

"And what's she like to look at, Smiles?"

"Well, sir, I can't say she's much to look at. No, I can't go as far as that," said Smiles, rather ruefully, scratching the top of his bald head. "She's rather—shabby, sir. Not good-looking."

"Well, perhaps she'll improve when she's old enough to know better. I suppose I must see her. You show her in, Smiles, in exactly five minutes from now—neither more nor less. Do you hear? The lady's plainness is forgiven on the score of youth and inexperience. I'll see her in five minutes."

"Yes, sir."

Left to himself, Mr. Martineau stretched his long legs, and sighed, with his face turned to the ceiling.

"It's a pretty dear price to pay for a junior partnership," he said; "to be in London this hot weather, while the old gentleman is enjoying himself in the land o' cakes; but I suppose, after all, I am a lucky dog, and musn't quarrel with my bread and butter." Here he rose, and stretched an unwilling arm toward his waistcoat. "September will soon be here," he reflected more cheerfully, "and then hey for Clarisdale and Lady Mildred!"

Punctually at the expiration of the five minutes Smiles opened the door, and ushered in the lady client. She was received by a young man of stern, business-like aspect, irreproachably attired, who bowed with gravity and politeness, while his rather cold gray eyes inspected the little figure before him with a swift scrutiny. His eyes were deeply set beneath overhanging brows, which gave rather a repellant look to the fact—a look that would convince a keen observer that he was a man who kept his own secrets. His fair mustache was not long, but thick; his hair was also fair, and he was slightly bald above the forehead. His complexion was fair and clear, his nose straight and well-formed; his air was that of a thorough man of the world, with every now and then a suggestion of boredom. He had no outward characteristic that would justify one in putting him down as an attractive man, yet the impression made by Mr. Martineau at first sight was nearly always favorable; he conveyed the idea of being a cultivated man, and was almost invariably an agreeable companion.

A faint smile of amusement hovered about his lips as his eyes rested upon the lady client.

She was small as well as young—might be described, in fact, as petite. She was undeniably shabby. Her hat might have cost a shilling, and was trimmed with a plain bow of ribbon. Her dress was of cheap dark-colored cotton, and considerably the worse for wear. Her gloves were cotton, too; but her collar was as white as snow, and her skin as fresh and clear as if she had never been within reach of London smoke.

As she raised a pair of large, dark eyes to those of the junior partner a sudden change swept over his face—a fleeting expression, such as a man might wear to whom, in the midst of comfort and luxury, came a disagreeable reminder of the existence of poverty and want. The next moment he was offering her a seat and inquiring politely in what way he could serve her.

The lady client sat down. Mr. Martineau's own seat was placed so that his back was to the light; it suited him better to observe than to be observed. His visitor compressed her pretty lips in a strong effort to be solemn, and demanded:

"Are you Mr. Martineau?"

"I am—entirely at your service."

"Mr. Leroy is away?"

"In Scotland."

"I am very sorry for that," she said earnestly.

"So am I, if it gives you inconvenience," asserted Mr. Martineau; "but I am his partner—can't I do something for you? I will endeavor to compensate for lack of capacity by extra diligence."

"You must know," she said after another short pause, during which she seemed to be making up her mind, "it is a very difficult task that I have to set you. I want you to tell me who I am!"

"Ah—really," returned the young melancholy nod of the head, "really, you know, I'm afraid I can't oblige you there!"

"Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous?" she said, laughing. "Have you ever thought how remarkably queer you would feel if you didn't know who you were?"

"I'm afraid I've never thought of such a thing," he admitted, almost with reluctance. "It seems rather like a nightmare, doesn't it?"

"That's exactly what it is like," she said; "only a nightmare which lasts for years is exceptionally trying. I feel as if I should like to wake up now! I thought that Mr. Leroy might be able to wake me." There was a touch of rueful melancholy in the last words.

"If you won't consider my curiosity impertinent," said Mr. Martineau, with infinite solemnity, "may I ask in what manner you thought he would set about it?"

"He made my father's will," explained the lady client, "and I thought he might in consequence be able to tell me my father's name."

"I admit the extreme probability of your theory," returned the young man; "but—forgive my obtuseness—if you are sure of your father's identity, why should you hesitate about your own?"

"Oh, you don't understand at all!" she exclaimed with conviction. "The affair is by no means so simple as all that. I wonder"—she put her head on one side and looked wistfully at him—"I wonder if I might tell you all about it?"

"Smiles was a fool when he said she was nothing to look at," inwardly commented Mr. Martineau. "I never saw such a pretty mouth in my life! ...oud he added: "I shall be only too grateful if you will so far honor me."

"It will take some time," she said, doubtfully; "and suppose, after all, I have troubled you for nothing?"

"How could that be?"

"Well," she answered, blushing and laughing, "it is best to be quite frank. I'll tell you what I mean. I have been saving up money for a long time for this purpose, and supposing, when I have done my story, you find that to do what I want you to do will cost more money than I have to spend, will you tell me so, please? I know so little about the law, and so forth."

"Certainly I will tell you; but if you merely want a will searched for, I can assure you——"

"I keep on telling you that you don't understand!" she cried, impatiently. "Let me tell you all about it."

"I am all attention; but, before you commence, would it greatly inconvenience you to tell me who you at present imagine yourself to be, or, if you have no ideas upon the subject, under what title do you choose at present to be known?"

"Yes," she rejoined, "I will tell you what I am called—Marguerite Lilbourne, but whether that is my real name or not I cannot tell you. I do not think it is."

"Why not?" he asked, with a sudden start.

"I will tell you—I am just going to begin."

"Thanks. All I have to suggest is that you begin at the beginning, and that you don't attempt to tell me more than one thing at a time. I know you will excuse me, but even ladies are mortal, and have their besetting sins, among which is usually the total inability to tell a story. Try to prove yourself an exception to the rule."

The lady client was offended. She took up her umbrella and rose.

"I am a novice in the art of narration," she said, with a haughtiness which he did not expect from her, "and I might irritate your high strung nerves. I had better wish you good-morning, and will only trouble you to tell me when you expect Mr. Leroy home."

THE LADY CLIENT WAS OFFENDED. SHE TOOK UP HER UMBRELLA AND ROSE.

CHAPTER II.

The young man was delighted with this little ebullition. He was now absolutely resolved not to part with her until he was obliged.

"I am an unlucky fellow to be misunderstood," he replied. "I meant to convey to you a delicate hint that the longer you talked the more I should be pleased, but you turned my meaning upside down. Do forgive me and sit down again! I shall be quite disappointed if you go," he went on, as she hesitated. "You surely won't make it such a serious matter? I was half in joke, and thought you appreciated the humor of the situation."

"I was very silly to take offense," said the lady client with decision. "Now I will sit down and tell you all about it; but really I thought you felt me an infliction. It is very warm, you know."

"It is; but this old office keeps pretty cool. It is dark and low."

He rose and lowered the Venetian blind, then resumed his seat with an attitude of deep attention.

"Now, Miss Lilbourne."

"Ah, I wish I were certain that it is 'Miss!' she lamented. "That is one of the things that I don't know!"

He raised eyes to hers with another strange, furtive look.

"Oh," he said, "you do not even know whether you are married or single?"

"Not the least in the world!" she said, shaking her head and laughing.

"The plot thickens," said Mr. Martineau. "Please proceed to explain."

"The first place that I can remember," said Marguerite Lilbourne, "is a French convent. It was very happy there. The nuns made much of me; the sun used always to shine—at least, I cannot remember any wet days but one. They called me always Bebe or La Petite—I never knew any other name.

"They taught me to read and write, but I do not remember once writing my name. No letters ever reached me; childlike, I expected none. I knew of no world beyond the convent gates. There were no children there except me. I never wondered how I came there—it was home—it had always been so. I believe they told me that I was an orphan, but for me the word had no meaning—I had no desire for a father and mother, because, in my experience, there were no such things.

(To be continued.)

## SERIOUS HINTS ON DRESS.

**With Some Flippant Comments by a Boston Man.**

We have received a little pamphlet which we hope has been distributed widely among our readers, observes the Boston Journal. The careful study of it may put an end to doubts that have embittered households and poisoned the wells of domestic happiness.

This little book—we dislike the term "booklet"—tells in simple language how to dress your coachman, groom, butler, doorman and page.

Thus, for instance, the coachman should wear six buttons on his coat—two on the back at waist and two at the bottom of the skirt. He should also have flaps on his pockets. Otherwise he might be mistaken for the groom, who has no flaps on the pockets and has five buttons in front and six behind. These buttons should always match the metal trimmings on the harness. Ardent Bryanites will, of course, use silver.

The hat must be silk. There is no alternative. Slouch hats are no longer worn by the coachman of our more exclusive citizens, and the more fastidious insist that the hat should be a new one, not a cast-off dicer of the master. The coachman, when on duty, should smoke only cigars. They should cost at least at the rate of three for a quarter. Green baize cloth aprons should match your billiard table. Crest buttons, worn by your servants, should be ducal. There are several dukes in England, so there may be a variety in the device.

By paying attention to these details and the advice as to other matters given by this pamphlet, you will be obliged to be more scrupulous as to your own dress, for it is a sad sight when the groom is mistaken for the master.

Trust not him that hath once broken faith.—Shakespeare.

# DICK RODNEY;

## Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

The wild boars that lurked in the woods baffled our efforts for a long time. By the edge of the hatchet we possessed I fashioned for my own use a kind of spear, about six feet long, hewn out of a piece of fine teak wood, which I found upon the beach.

This weapon I made and pointed with great care, and armed with it frequently lay in watch for the sealions, but without success.

On the shore, at this season, when the sunshine was reflected from the sloping faces of the volcanic rocks and from the surface of the sea, the heat was beyond all description—intense, breathless and suffocating, so that the lungs would collapse painfully in the difficulty of respiration.

To breathe was like attempting it at the mouth of a newly-opened furnace, and so I usually retired inland and sought the cool solitude of the deep thickets, or wandered through groves of solemn, impressive and majestic old trees; for some were there so old that they must have cast the shadows of their foliage on Alphonso de Albuquerque or Tristan da Cunha and their bearded followers.

How many ocean storms had swept their leaves into the waste of waters since then!

We had now been five days on the island without a sail being seen, though more than half our time was spent in watching the horizon; and so Tom Lambournes' old shirt still waved in vain from the boom-end on the mountain-top.

On the fifth day, however, to our surprise, the signal was no longer visible, so we supposed that a gust of wind had overthrown it in the night.

Lambourne, Carlton and Probar started for the mountain-top to restore it, while Hislop and I rambled into the woods, where we had a view of the shining sea to the westward. The waves came in long rollers, as there was a fresh breeze blowing from the west, and the foam rose white and high on the tremendous bluffs of the Inaccessible Isles, as we named them.

All the water between them was a sheet of sparkling and snowy froth, amid which, had we been nearer, we should doubtless have seen the black heads of the sealions, as they sported in the spray and sunshine.

On asking Hislop how far he thought we were from the continents of Africa and South America, he replied, without hesitation:

"We are about fifteen hundred miles from the mouth of the Rio de la Plata on the westward, and twelve hundred odd from the Cape of Good Hope on the east; but there is land nearer to us——"

"Land nearer!" I reiterated.

"There are the three isles of Tristan da Cunha, and about five hundred miles southwest of us a desolate rock called the Isle of Diego Alvarez; and fortunate it is indeed for us that we were not cast away there, as it yields only mossy grass and now and then a few seals or sea-elephants may be seen upon the reefs about it. But, Dick Rodney, does it not make one long to be afloat again, with a good ship underfoot, both tacks and the breeze, too, aft?—a cloud of canvas, carrying the three masts into one when seen astern—the lower studding-sail booms rigged out and dipping in the flying spray as she rolls from side to side—does it not, I say, bring all this to mind, when from here we can watch the waves that rose, perhaps, between the shores of Mexico, rolling in foam between these rocky isles? Do you remember Homer's description of the curling wave?" And without waiting my reply he began to recite from the Iliad with wonderful facility:

"As on the hoarse, resounding shore,
when blows the stormy west,
The billowy tide comes surging wide,
from ocean's dark blue breast;
First in mid-sea 'tis born, then swells
and rages more and more,
And rolling on with snowy back,
comes thundering near the shore;
Then rears it crest, firm and sublime,
and with tumultuous bray
Smites the grim front of the rugged
rock, and spits the briny spray."

How far Hislop, in his classical enthusiasm might have pursued his free translation, till we had all the deeds of Agamemnon and others on that tremendous day before the walls of Troy, I cannot say, had not a crashing sound in the adjacent thicket roused and alarmed us.

We started up and had just time to conceal ourselves behind the trunk of a tree when a herd of seven wild boars came plunging out of the thicket to drink at a runnel which flowed toward the sea.

They were unlike any of the swinish race we had ever seen before, and but for our vague sensations of alarm we could have watched them with pleasure, as they inserted their long, fierce snouts in the water that sparkled under the forest leaves.

They were all broad-shouldered animals, with high crests and thick, bristly manes, and all were black in color or darkly brindled.

Unlike those of the sty-fed hogs, to which we had been accustomed at home, their erected bristles shone like silver or polished steel in the rays of sunshine that fell through the waving branches, their eyes were flashing and clear, and their skins were all clean, as if washed for a show of prize pigs.

Thin flanked, active and strong, they began to grunt and gambol, and to splash up the glittering water, till suddenly they caught sight of us, and all fled, save one, a fierce old boar, which, after tearing up the grass with his hind feet, came resolutely forward, showing a pair of tusks that made me tremble for the calves of my legs if I ventured to run off, and still more for those of poor Hislop, who was alike unable to escape or confront him.

Fortunately I had my teakwood spear.

While keeping a tree between me and the boar, he prepared for the offensive by whetting his terrible tusks against a stone and grunting hoarsely.

Excited and bewildered, as he came on at a quick run, I charged my weapon full at him, and by the mercy of Providence, the point entered one of his fierce, glittering eyes, which made him rear up and recoil, while in his rage and pain the bristles on his ridgy back rose up like little blades of steel.

"Into his throat with your spear!" cried Hislop; but I anticipated the suggestion, for ere the words had left his lips I had buried—thrusting deep with all the force that excitement and terror gave me—the pointed teakwood shaft down his red and gaping throat.

Choking in blood, in foam and fury, the great boar writhed upon his back, and in doing so twitched from my hands the weapon, which still remained wedged in his throat and tongue, and rendered him almost powerless. I knew not what to do now, for if he snapped it through, and thus released himself, we, or at least I, would be lost.

But as he lay there on his back and sides alternately, snorting, roaring and covering the grass with bloody froth, and tearing it by his bristles, Hislop sprang forward and though weak with many half-healed wounds, drove a clasp-knife repeatedly into the throat and stomach of the monster, which soon lay still enough.

When it was quite dead I drew out my teakwood spear, and found the point almost uninjured, for I had hardened it in fire.

We thrust two crooked branches through the tendons of the boar's hind legs, and by these drew it to our hut, which was about half a mile distant; there our prize caused great congratulation among our crew, and I obtained no little praise for performing so hardy a feat.

Our return diverted for a time some excitement and surprise which had been caused by the return of Tom Lambourne, Probart and Carlton from the mountain top, with tidings that the studding sail boom had vanished, and that not a trace of it was to be found anywhere!

CHAPTER XXX.

A New Perplexity.

The disappearance of the boom and of Tom's old striped shirt, which had waved from it like a banner, excited considerable speculation and something of alarm.

If simply overturned by the wind, it must have lain where it fell; at all events, it could not have rolled far from the cairn, or pile of stones, in the center of which we had wedged it. By what agency had this disappearance come to pass?

That it was the work of wild animals could not for a moment be conceived; so the event filled us with vague, but very alarming conjecture.

With his hatchet, Probart the carpenter cut down and prepared a long and slender tree to replace the lost boom on the top of the Devil's mountain, as we now termed it; and while one portion of us assisted him in this, the other set about the capture of some of the wild goats with which the woods abounded, as we were anxious to procure the milk of the females, and the flesh of their kids.

This was a most arduous task, as they were so fleet of foot; and when pursued, or when in search of those bitter and astringent plants of which they are so fond, they could gain the most dangerous pinnacles and ledges of rock that overhung the sea. In such places there grew a kind of wild laburnum, and Hislop did not fail to remind me that Theocritus described it as the favorite food of the goat.

We often saw these agile quadrupeds spring, without pause, fear or hesitation, from pinnacle to pinnacle, or from ledge to ledge of rock, where, had they missed footing, they must have fallen a thousand feet or more, either into the ocean on one side, or some ravine on the other, and there, perched far aloft, they would remain, looking at us quietly, and reminding me of the couplet:

"High hung in air the hoary goat reclined,
His streaming beard the sport of every wind."

By great industry, and the exertion of incredible labor and activity, we succeeded in capturing five, by isolating them from their flocks, and chasing them into chasms and corners from which they had no means of escape, and then we secured them by the running rigging of the long boat.

Some of the females afforded milk, a rarity and nourishment to us who had been so long at sea. The flesh of a kid we thought delicious, and lest we should tire of roasted and broiled, Jack Burnet, the ship's cook, contrived to boil some pieces of a goat in its own skin, stretched upon sticks, with a fire underneath, salt for a spice, and sliced pumpkin for vegetables.

Of the horns, when carefully scraped and cleaned, we made very efficient drinking cups, in which our rum, duly mixed with water, was doled out to us by Hislop, the keeper of our provision store.

The eggs of the sea birds were a constant object of search, and being an expert climber, I frequently collected great numbers of those laid in the crevices of the rocks by the sea gull and storm-finch.

Our life was one of perpetual exposure and daily activity. Though overpoweringly hot at noon, the atmosphere of the morning and evening was delightful, and, as these portions of the day were spent in hunting for food, the time passed rapidly, but Hislop's chief fear was that if we were not taken off by some ship before the rainy season set in, our discomfort and danger from agues would become very great.

By the time we had been fourteen days on the island he was recovered so far as to be able to join me in making an exploration of it, or rather in walking all around it.

The circumference of the largest isle is only four leagues, but its shores are so steep and rocky in some places that traversing them proved a most arduous task.

On the eastern side we found a great cascade pouring from a brow of rock upon the beach. The latter was covered almost everywhere by a broad-leaved seaweed, the dark and slimy tendrils of which were several yards in length and were termed by Hislop "the gigantic fucus."

So day after day passed, and, amid our various means of procuring food, we never failed to keep a keen lookout to seaward for a passing sail; but none came near that lonely islet of the southern sea.

One morning I found there had drifted ashore near our hut a mass of that mysterious substance, the origin of which has puzzled so many naturalists—ambergris. It must have weighed more than a hundred pounds, and when we threw some of it into the fire it melted and diffused around a most agreeable perfume. This marine production, which is only to be found in the seas or on the shores of Africa and Brazil, is alleged by some to be a concretion formed in the stomach of the spermaceti whale.

On the fifteenth morning after our landing a seaman named Henry Warren, who went to milk our goats, which had been tethered to a large tree near the hut, returned in haste to announce that the ropes which had secured them were cut, apparently by a sharp instrument—cut clean through—and that the goats, the capture of which had cost us so much labor, were gone.

"Cut? By whom?" asked every one.

Before we had time to consider this, Hislop came out of the hut, and stated that one of our three bread bags had also been cut open, by a slash from a knife, apparently, and that several pounds of biscuits had been abstracted.

The strange alarm, and what was worse, the doubt of each other, which these discoveries excited, were painful and bewildering.

We examined the place where the goats had been tethered, but could discover no traces of feet, and nothing remained but the ends of the ropes (the long boat sheets and halliards) tied to the stem of a tree.

(To be continued.)

**A Zulu Bridegroom.**

The daughter of a Zulu in comfortable circumstances does not leave her father's kraal without much pomp and many queer rites, which doubtless are held by her people in high estimation. It may be noted, too, that the marriage customs of these dusky Africans are subject to innumerable variations, each tribe having its own peculiarities. Hairdressing, by the way, is an important feature both to the bride and bridegroom, and the attention paid to the coiffure of the pair would shame the performance of a West end hairdresser who arranges a bride's locks and fastens the orange blossom chaplet. A cone-shaped erection, for instance, is the lawful coiffure of a Zulu wife, and this cannot be legally worn till the marriage rites are duly completed. Save for the all-important cone, the head of a Zulu bride is closely shaved, an assegai being used for the purpose; whilst, as soon as a youth is of a marriageable age, his head is shorn to leave a ring round the scalp, and then liberally besmeared with fat and ochre, without which unguents no Zulu would feel fittingly decorated for his bride. When the bridegroom-elect has been shorn of all his hair save the wool on the crown, which is trained in a circular shape and some four inches in diameter, a ring is sewn to this, of gum and charcoal; in this the Zulu thrusts long snuff spoons, needles, and small utility artfcles, and is very proud of his ring, which is the badge of manhood.—From "Cassell's Magazine" for March.

**The Kaiser's Two Sides.**

While Poultney Bigelow was in the midst of a lecture before the Sesame Club (London) on "The human side of the German emperor," a witty lady in the audience scribbled down these lines and sent them up to the speaker. They were read with much laughter:

They say the Kaiser has a human side,
I know not what they mean.
Of course it is His Majesty's Inside—
The side that's never seen.